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1. Poetry, American.



# *Semanoud*

*Poems by*

*H. Talbot  
Kummer*

12mo.      \$1.00

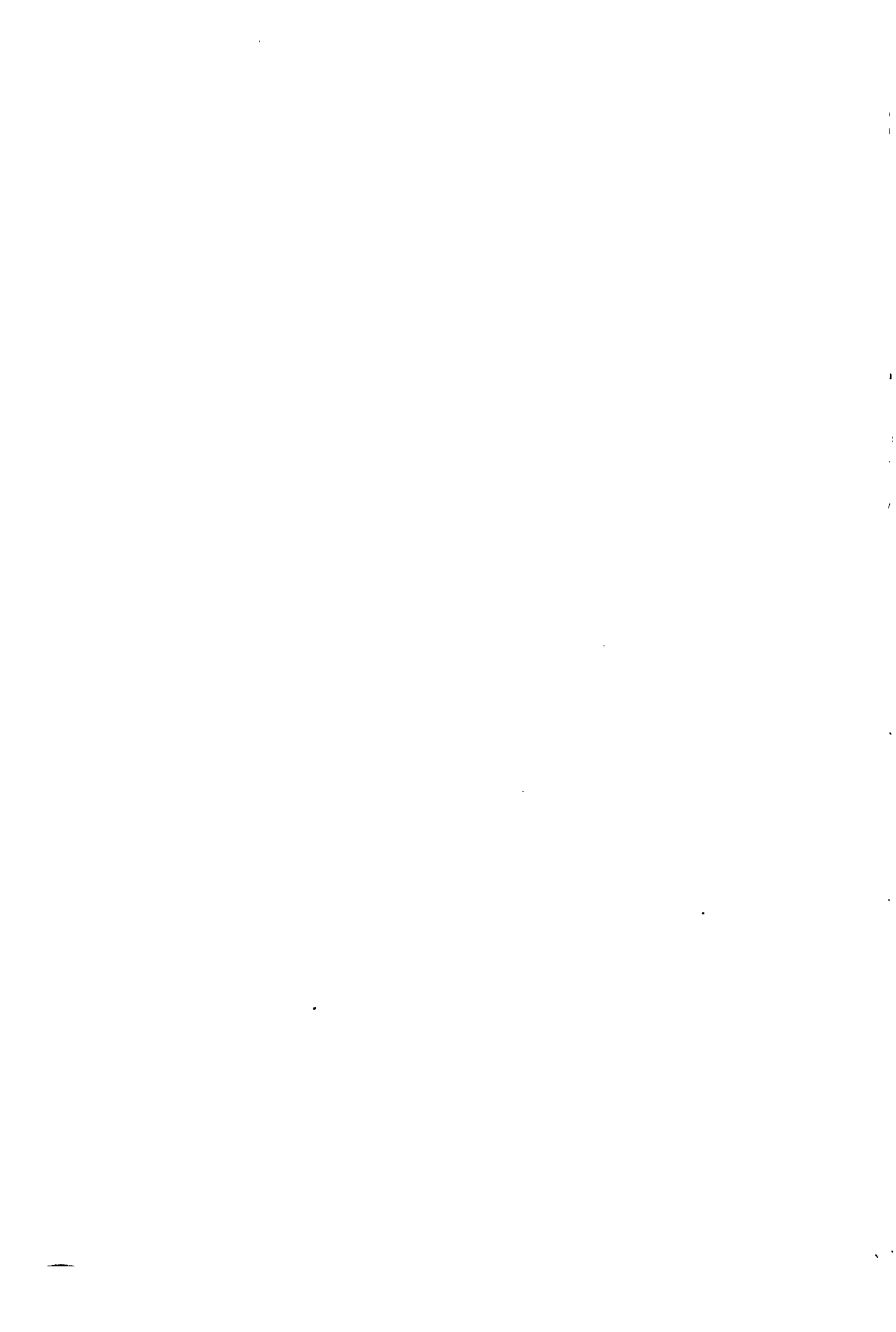
¶ The initial poem in this collection is a long one, its scene being laid in an Eastern court, and its dramatic treatment is in full sympathy with its theme and setting.

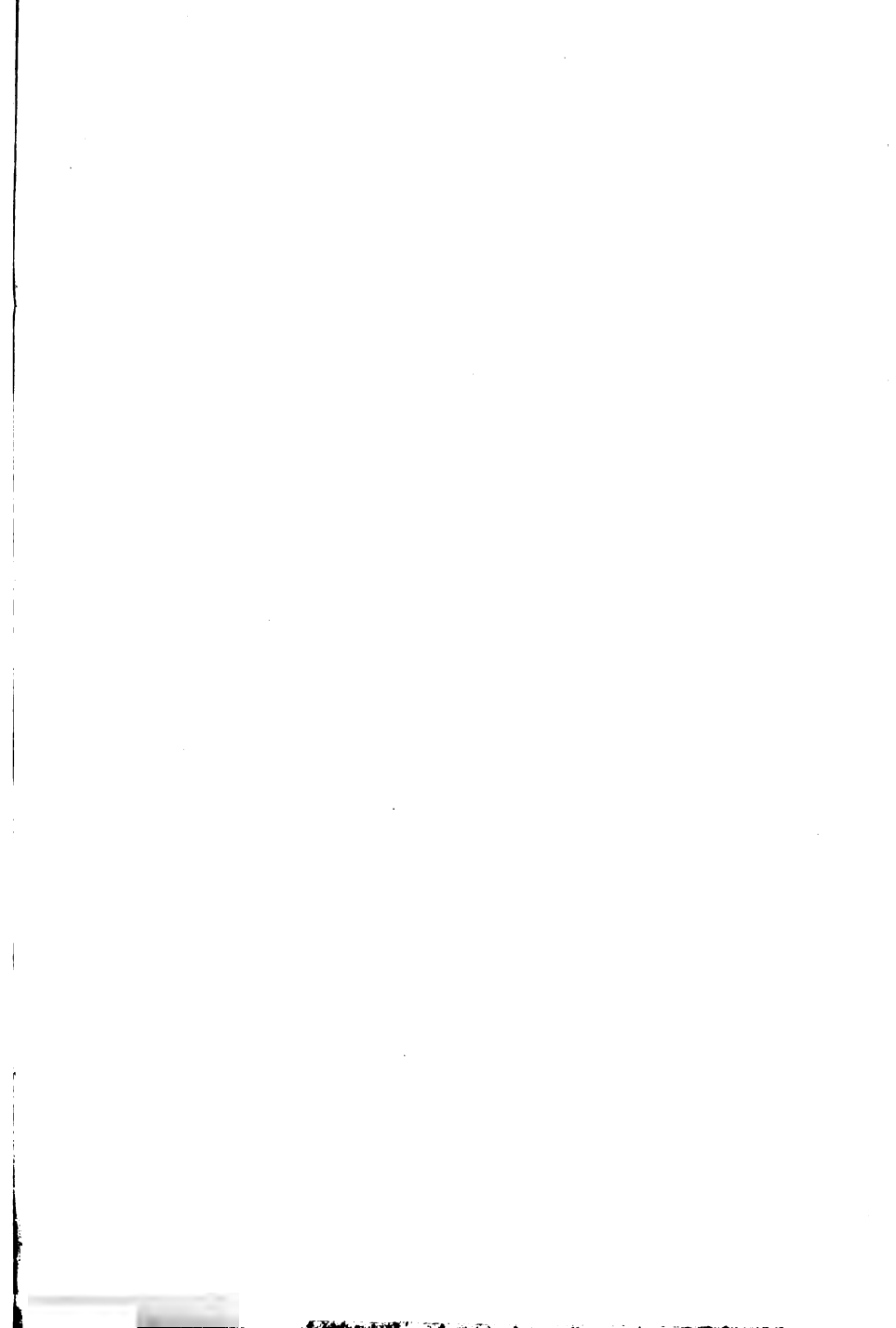
¶ The other poems are of varying lengths and subjects—all well executed, and worthy of much more than a single reading.

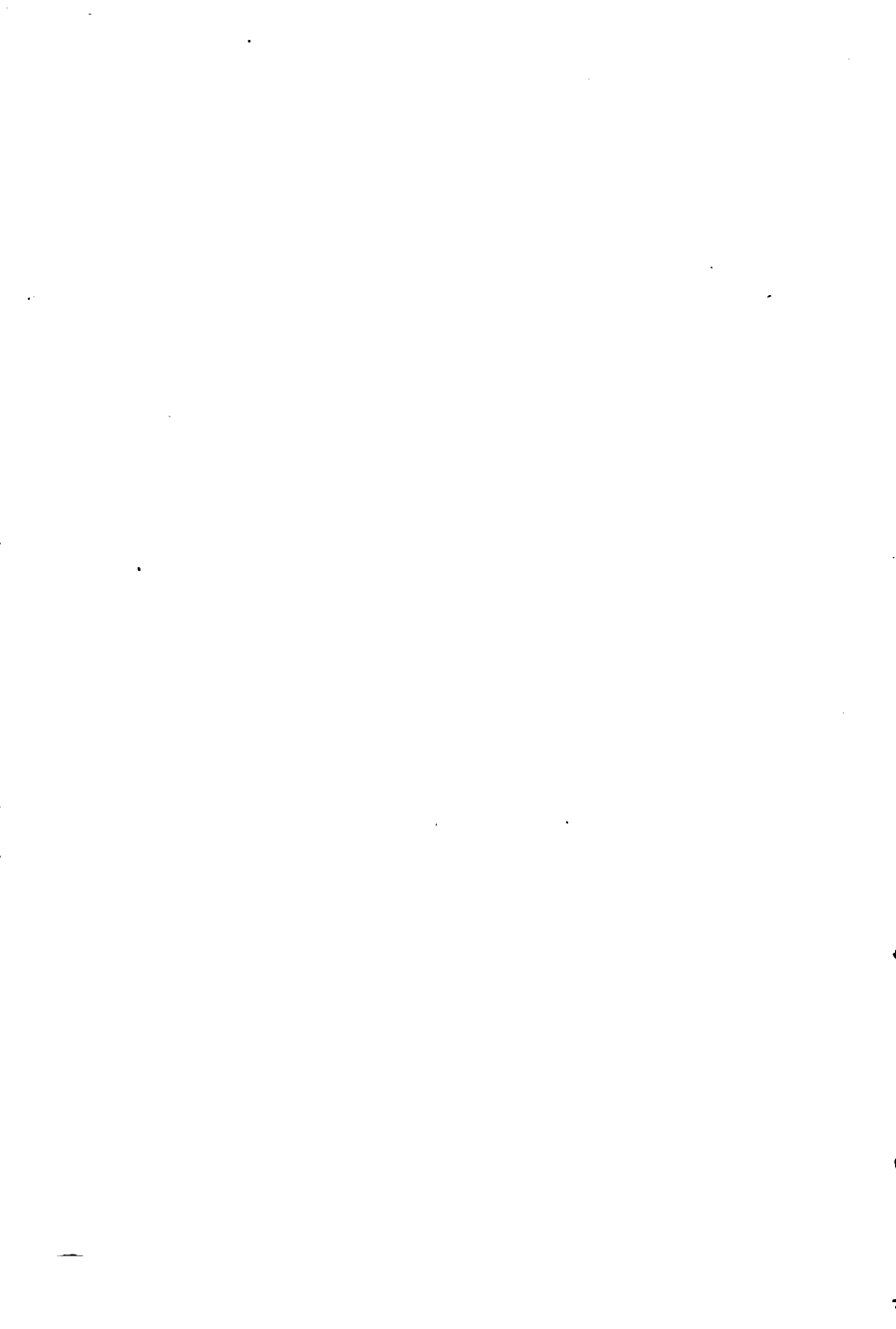
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[OVER]







# SEMANOUD

H. TALBOT KUMMER



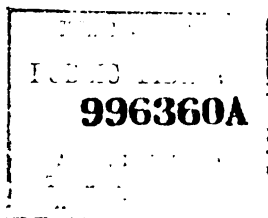
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To you who search through joy and pain  
Some heart's desire fair and far,  
To you who caught within the flame  
Still see serene the distant star.

Come take my hand and go with me  
A little way along the road ;  
And laugh or weep at these vain dreams  
Which ever with me have abode.

Did we not dream we scarce could live  
These dull realities, called life,  
Dreams are the magic golden shield  
We buckle on against the strife.

To you — oh pilgrims of the night —  
Oh weary toilers in the dark,  
Who, through the droning of the world  
Dreaming — to other voices hark.

1943

## SEMANOUD

The day was warm, the mellow sunlight glowed  
On the rose-garden of an eastern king,  
Where a stream flowed beneath a sedgy bank,  
Green as the murm'ring boughs which bent above  
And softly answered to its whispering.

There came at noon the Princess Semanoud  
With stately step — followed by maids and slaves —  
To seek the shade, and mirror her own face  
Beside the lotus and the iris tall,  
Within the limpid greenness of the waves.

Daily she came, as now, her robe of white  
'Broidered with gold and purples, to her zone,  
Where through the jetty meshes of her hair  
Streaming upon her shoulders like a robe,  
A shining girdle of great jewels shone.

Last in her stately train there came a slave —  
A young man, blue-eyed, and with sunny hair,  
Adonis — led amongst that dark-skinned throng,  
Unwilling captive, his straight bitter gaze,  
Fixed on the face of Semanoud — the Fair.

She, stretched in shadow, threw her sovereign  
glance

Careless and languid on the group that stood  
Or knelt with fans and lutes, and marked his face.  
Then spoke, "Come hither Awid, thou dost stand  
With eyes upon the ground and brood and brood.

"What ails thee! knowest thou I like it not  
To see my servants sullen, ill-content?"

Yet, nay — mayhap some maiden of my train,  
Scarlet of lip, and round of olive arm,  
Against thy heart, her starry gaze has bent."

The princess laughed, and stretched a hand to  
pluck

A purple iris growing near. Her mirth,  
Low and amused, struck like a lash, the blood  
To Awid's cheek, and in his darkened eyes  
A long-hid passion struggled into birth.

"A slave I am, and so thy jest, oh queen ;  
A slave to be thy butt, to dance, to sing — "  
He flung the answer back with upheld head  
And trembling lip — "or follow at thy skirts  
Bearing a lute, I, son of a northern king.

"I was not bred for this, to serve, or lie  
Stretched in the shadow at a woman's feet.  
My hand were readier upon the sword,  
And I was wont to ride with knightly men  
Into the centre of the battle's heat.

"There, on an evil day of bloody strife,  
Wounded and captive, I was borne away  
And sold to slav'ry in a Southern land ;  
Sold to a gilded bondage, there to learn  
No longer to command, but to obey.

"I brooded then, as broods the captive bird,  
As grieves the eagle when his wings are shorn ;  
Until, sweet as the passing breath of Spring,  
Slowly, unguessed, alone, and deep as night,  
A love, oh queen, within my heart was born."

The bondman paused, his blue and glowing gaze  
Fixed on the princess, where she musing leant  
Beside the stream, her dark and dreaming eyes  
Lifted to his — then knelt and to her robe  
Bended his lips, with gesture reverent.

"I saw oh, queen," he said, "the silver moon  
Shining at noon-day, where eternal Spring  
Dwelt in the green and dusky ilex groves,  
Where grew the rose and sang the nightingale  
In the wide sunlit garden of a king.

"And there at length with fate half reconciled,  
I grew to feel less irksome, that gold chain  
Which bound me near the thing I loved, yet knew  
My bondage but more heavy, since I loved  
A mighty queen, who could but scorn my pain."

He ceased, and stood awaiting, with bent head,  
The words that trembled on the haughty lip  
Of Semanoud. She, rising from her couch,  
With heaving breast, and midnight eye aflame,  
Took from the ground a slender plaited whip.

"Thou slave!" she said, her arm half raised to  
strike.

"Thou darest, bondman that thou art, to speak  
Such words to me. I have a mind to strike  
Thee to the dust. Thinkest thou, thou wilt find  
Semanoud as some handmaid, frail and weak?

"A king's son, yea, perchance, yet none the less  
Thou art a slave — a slave — thou hearest well?  
I conjure thee, forget it not again.

Henceforth, Avid, thou servest me no more,  
Hence shalt thou go, and far from hence shalt  
dwell."

She turned, and with no backward glance, swept on  
Up through the grove followed by all her train.  
And left him standing there beside the stream  
Gazing with strained, unseeing eyes upon  
The green and mossy bank where she had lain.

The gold and purples of her robe waxed dim  
Between the trees, the sun shone warm, the sound  
Of waters filled the air. He stirred, then paused,  
And kneeling down he lifted to his lips  
A withered iris, dropped upon the ground.

\* \* \* \*

Far on a mountain side, a quarry lay,  
Where all day long a band of slaves hewed out  
Those blocks of marble, which the king would use  
To conjure up beside a soft blue sea  
A palace, girdled with wide parks about.

There amid dusky Nubians, and slaves  
Of low degree, a tall and fair-skinned man,  
Golden of hair and sapphire blue of eye,  
Toiled with the rest, from break of early morn  
Until the darkness of the night began.

And thence, in pomp of purple panoply  
Of slaves, and gold, and swiftly dashing steeds,  
Came oft the chariot of Semanoud,  
Sweeping in thunder past the gaze of those  
Who toiled amid the wayside dust and weeds.



And she, with gaze set forward, yet contrived  
To mark the face and form which 'neath the weight  
Of some great boulder staggered, and so saw  
That Awid lifted not his gaze to hers  
Nor seemed to mark her presence nor her state.

Then swelled the scornful thoughts that curled her  
lip,  
As skirting the cleft precipice, she gave  
Rein to her steeds, and 'neath her olive skin  
The blood rose, as with close-set teeth she breathed  
"A king's son, yea, yet none the less, a slave."

Yet oft at eve, leaning upon her couch  
Placed on a marble terrace, while below  
The windless palms the sun sank down to rest,  
With cheek upon her hand, she mused alone  
And in her eyes a shadow seemed to grow.

Or at midnight quitted a sleepless bed  
To gaze upon the stars which filled with light  
Like a faint veil of soft and silver gauze  
Cast from those still and mighty hosts of God  
The violet shadows of the blue eastern night.

Thus passed the months, until there came a day  
When Semanoud restless of dance and song,  
Of perfumed idleness within the gates  
Of bronze which barred the palace of her sire,  
And finding the hours of the day full long,

Summoned her people to a hunt, and soon  
The courtyard rang to all the bright array

Of men and horses gathered there in pomp  
Of scarlet robe, and golden shield, and cloak  
Of leopard skins, or 'broidered mantle gay.

The chase was hot, and Semanoud upon  
A milk-white charger led the way along  
The rocky cliff-side, where the loosened stones  
Slipped 'neath the horses feet, and where the wind  
Heavy and damp with rising storm, blew strong.

On, where the fleeing roe scarce found a hold ;  
On, over scattered boulders, 'til by chance  
On looking up she saw among a group  
Of slaves upon the hillside, Awid's self,  
And met, unyielding as her own, his glance.

But the white charger, feeling on his rein  
The cruel grasp of hands which reckoned not  
Of what they did, reared high into the air  
And swerved upon the pathway till he clung  
With trembling limbs and scarlet nostrils hot,

Upon the very brink, while far below  
The loosened boulders thundered into space.  
But in that breathless instant Awid leaped  
Down from the cliffs and dragged her from her seat  
Upon the horse, his drawn and ashy face

Kindling, and thrust her back upon the rock,  
Half slipped himself, and as he sought to rise,  
The struggling brute broke through the sandy ledge  
And hurled him down beneath it to the gulf  
And swift destruction — with wide, awful eyes,

She stood and watched him fall, one upraised hand  
Clutching the massy hair which fell across  
Her brow, her body slightly bent, and on  
Her stony face the blight of sudden doom  
Of woe eternal, and eternal loss.

\* \* \* \*

They brought him reverently there and laid  
Him at her feet, upon the purple fold  
Of her own mantle that she plucked from off  
Her shoulders, that before he died he might  
Wear once again the kingly pomp of old.

Softly they wrapped his broken form within  
The gold embroidered silks, while at his side  
Low in the dust the Princess Semanoud  
Tearless, with outflung arms and burning lips,  
All state forgotten and all queenly pride.

Sought to arouse within those dimmed blue eyes  
That light she once with words of bitter scorn  
Had struck to blindness. "Awid" rang her cry,  
"Though all men now should call thee slave, yet  
would

I name thee king, for love in me is born."

He stirred and seemed to wake, low on the wind  
The coming storm moaned through the forest wide  
And touched his face with shadows. Slow he  
turned

To meet with his pale lips that last long kiss  
And whispered, "My Belov-èd," and so died.

## NIGHT IN PARIS

We have been all day on the sunlit river,  
You and I.  
Moored in a grassy nook near Mendon, watching  
Tide and sky.

Now to the boulevards. Pull against the stream  
The warm breeze.  
There are the bright twinkling lights of Paris, there  
The long quays.

Here is the first bridge, *Point du Jour*, and onward  
Twenty arcs  
Of fire hang against the night. There stretch the  
trees,  
The green parks.

On into Paris, to that sea of light called  
Rivoli;  
Thence to the boulevards. The May winds call to  
You and me.

They call, for spring is in our hearts. The chest-  
nuts  
White with bloom  
Sigh low, and the acacias send forth their  
Deep perfume.

Here is a *café* — Absinthe? No, red wine — a  
Cigarette.  
Paris herself is all wines, in one gay mad  
Mixture met.

See how the bright crowd shifts as upon a stage  
Or sea sands  
On the shore — student and prince, duchess, gri-  
sette —

From all lands.

They come, speak their lines, act out their parts,  
and then,

Forgotten,  
Pass to their appointed place — beggar and prince  
As all men.

Thus night in this great maelstrom Paris, where  
bright

Roses lie  
Above a bitter gulf. Now to our garret,  
You and I.

#### THE BEGGAR KING

Oh, Love's but a beggar,  
And yet he is king,

A child in the sunlight,  
A frolicsome thing,

A bird in the desert  
With bruised, broken wing.

Oh, Love's but a beggar,  
And yet he is king.

## THE STAR

I want, said the earthly child, that distant star  
That shines so jewel clear upon the night's deep  
blue.

Forgotten lay his toys ; his footsteps wandered far  
Up from the fair valleys where the star-rays drew  
His dreaming gaze to the mountain-tops. There  
serene

In still white fire seemed to burn the longed-for  
prize.

Yet, as he nearer drew, lo ! there lay between  
Him and his goal still the vast silence of the  
skies.

## A DREAM

I dreamed, my love, that you and I had died  
And passed away to some fair southern clime,  
Where roses bloomed beside a sapphire sea,  
Where all the radiant world was Love, and Time  
Was but Eternity.

I waked, my love, and knew that you and I  
Only in dreams can meet forevermore.  
The pine and palm were not more far apart.  
Yet, 'cross the sea from that wide distant shore  
'You speak unto my heart.

## THE BACHELOR

John, how surprised you look, that I,  
A lawyer, world-encrusted,  
Should have within my heart a spot  
Which life has left unrusted.

You thought me cynical and cold,  
Unused to all emotion,  
Unused to love — incapable  
Of some life-long devotion.

Ah, John ; that faded flower there,  
This letter, old and tattered,  
Woke sweetest memories in the heart  
That you thought worn and battered.

I saw again a flowered close  
Where I have wandered, deeming  
All life was like that garden fair,  
A place for love and dreaming.

John ; it was all so long ago,  
That old, sweet song unfinished,  
Whose tender meaning through the years  
To me is undiminished.

Ah, well ; to love so strongly now  
Is thought to be old-fashioned :  
As out of date as some old tune  
Or madrigal impassioned.

So, John, you know the story now,  
Unpiquante, simple, faded,  
Of one whose days for long have been  
By quiet grieving shaded.

TO SUZANNE

Your eyes, Suzanne,  
Are like the sea,  
A blue profound  
Tranquillity.

Your heart is like  
Some forest deep,  
Within whose dells  
White lilies sleep.

But your sweet mouth,  
Which knows no lure,  
Is a red rose,  
Unkissed and pure.



## THE PERSIAN SLAVE

It lay, a very garden of enchantment in the hot  
noon sun,  
Cooled by a shining spray of crystal clearness,  
jewel-bright,  
Cast from a fountain. There great poppies drooped  
their heavy-petalled heads,  
And golden blooms gave it its name -- "The  
Garden of Delight."

Deep in a shadowed gallery where rose-leaves  
strewed the marble floor,  
Hafiten — languid on her satin couch where slave  
girls kept  
Through the warm, dreamy hours their slumb'rous  
watch — stretched forth a hand and took  
Up from its place her lute and touched its chords,  
while still they slept.

Marvellously fair was she, the dark silken locks  
that mark her race,  
With red roses intertwined, while on her breast  
and along  
The living marble of her arms great rubies burned  
with crimson fire.  
So, to the plaintive music of her lute, she sang this  
song :

"The sunlight falls athwart the wall  
Ruddily glowing.  
The wind is on the purple hills  
Dreamily blowing.

"The nightingales sing their love-songs  
Throughout the long day.  
The slave girls laugh ; but I cannot  
Seem always so gay.

"These gems are naught to me ; these feasts  
Of fruits and red wines  
Are wormwood, served beneath the palms  
As the day declines.

"I must laugh and dance and drink deep  
To the zither's sound,  
I, whose sweet liberty and youth,  
In these walls are bound.

"These cloths of gold, these sparkling gems  
Oppress my sore heart,  
No less than did the chains I wore  
In the public mart.

"Oh, to go to the purple hills,  
To my village home,  
To tend again the white flocks which  
In the valleys roam.

"Where the lithe, dark-eyed shepherds dance  
In the golden noon,  
And where that shepherd that I loved  
Sought me 'neath the moon.

"Abou Teman, dost thou forget  
On the hillsides green,  
She who went with thee hand in hand,  
Hafiten, thy queen.

"Hafiten, thy love, whose first kiss  
Thy warm lips did take  
In the rose-scented shadows where  
The fire-flies awake."

The lute was still, the singer, mute, her dark eyes  
straining toward the west,  
Where the wide hills stretched upward to the  
sky, where height on height  
Seemed but to bar her closer prisoner; and still  
the slaves slept on.  
The wind sighed low, the nightingale sang clear  
of pleasure and delight.

### THE SATIN FAN

It is only a satin fan,  
With garlands of faded hue;  
But I keep it for your sake, Sweet,  
Since it once belonged to you.

It is old and yellow and worn  
And frayed in a place or two,  
Yet 'tis dearer than gold to me  
Because it belonged to you.

It was yours in the old, old days,  
When you were loving and true,  
So 'tis kept for the old love's sake,  
This fan, that belonged to you.

## SOLITUDE

He is not always most alone  
Who sad within some prison wall  
Or solitary chamber sits.  
A lonelier than he goes forth  
Laughs at the feast, clasps hands with men,  
And yet amidst the glow of life  
Says to his heart, "Thou art alone."

## A SERENADE

*After Geibel*

In a garden grows a rose,  
Gold-hued and stately and fair,  
Perfuming as with incense  
At nightfall the breathless air.

The moon pours all her brilliance  
On the golden cup, where shine  
The dewdrops which fell from heaven  
And filled it with precious wine.

Out of the distant forest  
A nightingale by the lake  
Sings out a heart, that silent  
With passion and pain must break.

Oh, flower in the moonlight,  
By wakening breezes fanned,  
Oh, gold rose in the garden,  
Do you hear and understand?

## THE ETERNAL RIDDLE.

It stands within old Paris, in that place  
They call the Luxembourg ; a form and face  
Snow-white upon the gloom, with eyes that see  
From a dim past into eternity.

In form, a leopard with a woman's head,  
Of a wild, fierce beauty, half tiger-bred,  
Whilst the full passion of her lips is pressed  
To those of him who leans against her breast.

And he, though fainting, dying, drinks her kiss,  
While in his eyes shine mingled woe and bliss.  
For her sharp claws, deep-buried in his side  
Wring from that kiss a pain no joy can hide.

Oh, Riddle, sung in every nation's rhyme,  
Your birth was even as the birth of Time.  
Love's kiss is sweet ; yet oft in it lie slow  
Drops of poison, a deep, eternal woe.

## THE POET

I have taken your heart in my hands, said Fate,  
And have pressed it close 'till the red blood fell ;  
The depths of your sorrow no man may tell ;  
For the wild rose is withered in the dell ;  
I have taken the eagle from its mate.

And what have you given me back, oh, my Fate,  
For the joy of life and the blighted years ?  
I have given a lyre of gold that nears  
You to human hearts. I have poured your tears  
Into the crucible, that you might create.

## THE DEAD ROSE

I came today upon a worn and ancient book,  
Long since forgotten in its dusty, hidden nook ;  
And as I turned the leaves, a paper from between  
Slipped down, and lay a moment on the floor,  
unseen.

I conned the pages of the volume in my hand,  
Studied the crabbed old English print, and slowly  
scanned  
The crooked "f" for "s," then closed it with a  
sigh,  
Reached up again, and placed it on the book-shelf  
high.

But as I turned away I saw the crumpled white  
Of the lost paper gleam within the firelight.  
And bending down I raised it from the polished  
floor,  
And read the simple words some hand had traced  
of yore.

"A little rose that was dropped on a summer's day,  
And with a careless laugh, so left to fade away ;"  
And there within the page it was, its faint perfume  
Sweet as the breath of springtide in the silent  
room.

The slender writing spoke a woman's hand and  
taste ;  
Naught else was there beside, save only, half  
effaced,  
A single, long-shed, bitter tear-drop, dim with age,  
Blist'ring the yellow surface of the crumpled page.

## THE SPHINX

I see the red day wake upon hot sands  
Where flows the Nile, and lo ! a great form stands  
Suddenly within the young morn's first rays,  
And the Sphinx is revealed unto my gaze.

As though by some enchanter's wand, the night  
Is rent asunder, and the sun-rays, bright,  
Touch that colossal form whose still eyes see  
The past, the present, and eternity.

The great white stars have ceased their watch ; the  
    morn  
Comes with triumphant, glowing feet. Unworn  
Her royal jewelled robe of gold is cast  
O'er plain and wave bathed in a silence vast.

Oh, Sphinx, crowned with the dead years' hoary  
    rime,  
Who watched old Egypt's plains in Pharaoh's time,  
Who, deathless, live for ages yet to come,  
And who, though knowing all things, yet are dumb.

You are that mystery of love and pain,  
We know, and yet know not, but seek to gain  
A fuller knowledge of ; you are that book  
Of life and death, wherein we may not look.

## A PORTRAIT

I wonder can I paint you, now that long years  
have passed  
Since you and I have met,  
And time and life, excitement, pleasure, all these  
have tried  
To teach me to forget.

And I have forgotten ; and the spring has come  
again  
With tender leafage green  
As to some forest oak, full-crowned, which far  
within its heart  
Bears a deep scar unseen.

You were the spirit of the South to me ; your dark  
eyes  
Spoke of hot, dreamy Spain,  
Where the zither whispers through the perfumed,  
starlit nights  
Its passionate refrain.

A slender face of a fine ivory tint, dark hair,  
Like the great midnight eyes,  
And lips beneath the grave firmness of whose  
downward curve  
A mocking laughter lies.

Yes, I have drawn you well ; yet now I turn the  
portrait  
Against the wall ; the pain  
Within my heart is gone ; look ! the world is blos-  
soming  
And spring has come again.



## BLIND IN MAY

Blind in May, beneath the turquoise skies,  
Amid the budding woods, the bursting flowers,  
Amid the dainty pomp of green and gold,  
Through all the beauty of the mid-day hours.  
Alas! the dark of night besets my way,  
For I am blind, in May, in May, in May.

Blind in May, when sunlight filters down  
Through the young leaves to kiss the perfumed  
ground,  
Where dew is thick, and myriad violets spread  
A fragrant purple carpet all around.  
Ah! could I once more see the joyous day,  
I, who am blind in May, in May, in May.

## AFTER MANY YEARS

I stepped into the ball room, looked to right and  
left

While bowing here and there,  
Circled the whirling dancers with gyrations deft,  
And climbed a crowded stair.

And there upon the topmost step I saw a face  
Well loved in years long dead ;  
Saw the dark, dreaming eyes, the unforgotten grace  
Of the small, queenly head.

And as I looked our glances met, then turned aside  
Indifferent, cold ; those tears  
Our eyes had shed, forgotten long ago and dried,  
After so many years.

## REST

On the soaring wings of song  
My spirit goes from me  
To where a deep green river  
Flows to a quiet sea.

The snowy water lilies  
Hushed in the white moonlight,  
Answer the trees' low whisper  
Upon the silent night.

And the river sings a song  
Fraught with the mystery  
Of dim-green northern forests,  
And wild winds, fresh and free.

## THE SONG OF THE RIVER.

Oh ! heart in a world of pain,  
I always am thy friend,  
And my depths are cool, oh heart,  
Where the low willows bend.

Forget, in my arms, the world,  
The heat and strife of day ;  
Look ! where the sapphire heavens  
Marshall their bright array.

Here, alone in the shadows,  
Thy heart to my heart pressed ;  
Alone in the breathless midnight,  
Come heart, and take thy rest.

## DESERTED

The snow falls fast, so fast, without,  
Upon the frozen ground ;  
The wind sighs low among the pines  
With a wild eerie sound.

The hills have shut me in, their peaks  
Gleam livid 'gainst the sky,  
The world seems dead, and through the hush  
The pine trees restless sigh.

And I had dreamed a sweet, short dream,  
N'er to be dreamed again,  
Of soft south winds, and southern lands  
And joy, which knows no pain.

Had dreamed of an eternal Spring,  
A nature all unbound,  
And groves where sang the nightingale  
In streams of lucious sound.

Had dreamed of southern starlit nights  
Among the jasmine flowers,  
Where care was not, and love and I  
Walked smiling through the hours.

The snow falls fast, so fast, without  
Upon the frozen ground ;  
And the wind sighs among the pines  
With a low, eerie sound.

And the white hills have shut me in  
They could not let me go :  
For the storm weaves for me, outside,  
A winding-sheet of snow.

### A PASTEL

I draw an open cottage door  
With pale spring blossoms wreathing 'round,  
I draw the fragrant buds which spread  
A dewy carpet on the ground.

With careful touch, I shape the face  
Of she who stands beneath the trees ;  
The dreamy eyes, the tender mouth,  
The fair hair, straying in the breeze.

Upon the stream, before her feet,  
She casts some crimson rose leaves down,  
And fancies that she sees them float  
Past grassy meadow-land and town.

With crayon delicate, I trace  
Her image in the fretting stream,  
And you who gaze, I leave to guess  
The golden tenor of her dream.

## TO MARJORIE

Child, you have brightened a life  
As some sunny, glancing ray  
Which breaks through the heavy clouds  
Of a mournful autumn day.

Your smile has made me forget,  
While you sang some old, sweet song,  
That life is a dreary thing,  
And its pathway, rough and long.

Your mouth like a flower, red,  
Your eyes with their tender hue  
Have softened my loveless life  
As the years had failed to do.

Dear, my garden was leafless,  
All withered, and brown, and bare,  
Yet one cold winter morning  
I found a white blossom there.

## THE PROMISED LAND

*Oh liebe! was soll es bedeuten  
Dafs du Vermischest mit Todesqual  
Alf deine Seligkeiten.*

HEINE.

Through all my lonely youth I dreamed  
And dwelt upon some distant joy  
Which coming years would bring, I deemed,  
No work too great, no sea too wide  
To compass or to cross, no tide  
Might hold me back. I was a boy,  
And dreamed of love.

At last across life's desert gleamed  
Waters and trees and rose hues fair,  
I smelled the perfumed fruits. There streamed  
The wondrous songs of birds, I threw  
Down on the sands my staff, and knew  
Lulled by the winds, the ambient air,  
The Promised Land.

There I abode; there on me beamed  
A sun which never set or paled.  
I drank of deep delights, I seemed  
King of the world, until one day  
Black clouds obscured that sun, the gray  
Of coming night, deep-shadowed, veiled  
My Paradise.

Then thundered down the rising wind  
Avenging hosts with fire and sword,  
And thunder-bolts, which struck me blind,

While one voice cried, in accents slow,  
"No man may taste of joy, and know  
Not pain, for such has been my Word  
Since time began.

No man, be he the king of realms  
Or be he born of low degree,  
But what at last my law o'erwhelms,  
The cup was mixed at earth's first dawn  
Sparkling at brim, its black dregs drawn  
From bitter herbs, no soul is free  
Thou too must drink."

### THE PROPOSAL

*(The alcove of a ball room.)*

Valentin (passionately) — "Yes, we two met in the  
world for an hour a day,

In a masquerade dress, and a mask of content."

Valentine (indifferently) — "We talked but of the  
weather, our friends, or the play"

Valentin (sadly) — "Then you smiled as you said,  
'I am going away'

(Stretching out his hands) Oh! I love you, stay  
with me!"

Valentine (drawing back) — "Ah! no friend, ah no,  
It was pleasant together, and yet, I must go,  
Take this rose —"

Valentin — "I shall love you, sweetheart, 'til I die"

Valentine — "No, forget me, that's better."

Valentin (pressing the rose to his lips) — "Good  
bye love! Good bye!"

## FAITH

" I will keep faith," I hear your sweet lips say,  
" Always to you, forever and a day.  
The stars change not ; my love more steadfast still  
    Shall changeless be.  
A light, which deathless in its strength shall fill  
    Eternity.

I will keep faith always, my dear, to you."  
How fair that summer's day ; its sky of blue,  
Cloudless, profound, like some great, sleeping sea  
    Which knows no shore.  
And I belonged so wholly then to thee  
    Forevermore.

Aye, I believed the words your sweet lips said,  
Believed them 'till all faith, all hope was dead.  
And when I knew you faithless, still my heart,  
    Unsatisfied,  
Loved yet, though spoke my lips a studied part  
    Taught them by Pride.

I loved you still, though bitterness and scorn  
Were all the fruits which that fair love had borne.  
The tree is withered now ; no warm, sweet breath  
    From lands of spring  
Can stir its sap, nor wake its living death,  
    Nor blossoms bring.



## FAREWELL

*Verborgne Thräne trübt des Auges Schein  
Der Stolz Busen hegt geheime Wund.*

HEINE.

I saw your ship, a dreamful sail,  
Speed from the shore whereon I stood  
Watching, until the canvas pale,  
Blood-red in the deep sunset dye,  
Far, motionless, seemed to brood  
'Twixt the dim water and the sky.

The cup was drunk, the flower dead ;  
Why should you stay when at your feet  
The sea called, the last word was said ?  
'Tis life to be beloved and so  
Forgotten. Ah ! I wept not, Sweet,  
But smiling stood to watch you go.

## THE LOVERS

I love you with my life, and you love me  
With all there is in you of truth and strength.  
And yet my eyes must never see your face ;  
Nor may my restless footsteps seek that place  
Throughout the long years' weary, listless length,  
That place in distant lands where you may be.

This only do I know, that did you die,  
That did your weary spirit homeward fly,  
In swift, tireless flight, as flies the swallow  
To its nest, my soul would know and follow.

## WHAT MATTERS IT

What matters it that I am bound  
And walk with them that know me not,  
Through life's long, dreary, busy round,  
Where the close city streets are hot  
'Neath burning suns? My soul is far,  
A moth flutt'ring against a star.

What matters it to be alone  
When I can dream of northern seas,  
And hear as some great organ tone  
The solemn music of the trees?  
What matters it? My soul is far,  
A moth flutt'ring against a star.

What matters it to be apart  
From all those things that make life sweet?  
You still can dream, oh, weary heart,  
Of lands far from the city street,  
And hear Love's promise from afar,  
Oh moth, flutt'ring against a star.

## IN THE CHURCHYARD

Ave Maria, Ave Maria,  
The chant rings clear and solemn through the  
evening hush  
In cadence slow,  
And an angel voice gives back the prayer in answer  
Softly and low  
Ave Maria, Ave Maria.

Ave Maria, Ave Maria,  
The organ murmur like the wind in mighty trees  
Rolls full and deep.  
A silver star shines clear within the sapphire sky  
To guard our sleep.

Ave Maria, Ave Maria,  
Oh, Mother, pity us tonight ; oh, Holy one,  
Heed now our pain,  
And by the magic of thy touch let us once more  
Be whole again.

## FROM LANDS OF SPRING

From lands of spring : oh pain : worn heart,  
From lands of spring where lilies grow  
I come, the wind, the warm south wind,  
And in your ear I whisper low.

Oh, weary feet, oh, toil-worn hands,  
Oh, eyes tear-wet with human grief,  
Could you but reach that land of spring,  
And for your woes find soft relief.

You, who upon the city street  
Drag out your life in weary pain,  
You dream of hills and wide blue seas  
And endless fields of golden grain.

And you, the rich, whose heart is poor,  
You who are old, you who regret,  
Do you not seek some mystic land  
Where love may teach you to forget ?

I know that land, that land of spring,  
So hearken to my whisper low  
Of sapphire lakes and poppies red,  
And dream the peace you may not know.

## THE FLOWER OF OBERON

I had searched through all the countries of the  
earth

For one small purple flower,  
And found it not. A wanderer since my birth,  
Whose every idle hour  
Was spent in fruitless dreams; my great longing  
grew

To touch the fair petals, curled  
Of that one magic bloom. And this longing drew  
My footsteps through half the world.

At last when youth was gone, and my life's desire  
Grown cold, like my weary heart;  
When it seemed that never, now, the sacred fire  
Rose-red, through my veins would dart,  
When I thought that never, eyes would look to  
mine,

With love, not with passion fraught,  
Nor true lips would say, belov-ed, I am thine  
Whom you through the years have sought.

I came unto the closed doorway of my home  
With dark ivy overgrown,  
And my poor heart said, no farther shalt thou roam  
But here shalt thou dwell alone.  
When looking down, I saw that upon the stone  
Which my weary footstep pressed,  
A wondrous, dark purple blossom, long had grown,  
And I placed it in my breast.

## LONGING

Oh sea-wet wind upon my cheek  
Blown from a land where dwells my heart,  
Where joy and I once hand in hand  
Had dreamed that we could never part.

Oh sea-wet wind, your touch is cold,  
Cold as the snow-flakes in the air,  
Could you not bring me one poor breath  
Of that sweet south, so far, so fair?

Where through the fragrant sunlit fields  
In that dear place where dwells my heart,  
My love and I walked hand in hand,  
And dreamed that we should never part.

## TO CONSUELO

Through parting mists of gathered years  
Through all the pain of long-shed tears  
There comes across my inner sight  
A vision of thy girl-hood bright.  
A mem'ry sweet as birds that sing,  
Or some soft breath of early spring.

I see thee now, as once thou wert,  
In all thy laughing youth, unhurt.  
I see again, thy eyes of blue,  
Thy glossy curls, the carmine hue  
Of cheek and lip, and sighing know  
Youth's summer holds an age of snow.

## THE LAND OF DREAMS

In dreams we pass each night to that sweet land,  
That land of dreams, where dwells no care of earth,  
Where the gold sunlight of eternal Spring  
Fills all the warm delicious breath of day.  
Oh land of dreams, where each warm languid air  
Speaks to my soul of love which knows no end,  
Nor death can vanquish. Oh land of bloom, where  
The perfumed night breathes on the mighty hush  
The scent of lilies, and nightingales send  
Forth on the dark, the melodious gush  
Of their impassioned songs. There at evening  
Our souls meet, and pass from life's pain away.

In a dream it was, that the pine tree saw  
The palm sleeping amid the scarlet blooms  
Of an enchanted land. Thus I, in dreams,  
See thee once more, whose lips burned, long ago,  
Against my own. Knowest thou, in thy home  
Where the blue sea kisses a sunlit shore,  
The pain which through life's round I bear alone,  
And dost thou weep, as hand in hand with Fate  
You tread that path on which return no more  
Nor closely bound nor widely separate  
Those pilgrims who have passed. I live, while yet  
In dreams, thou art mine own, beyond life's woe.

## THE MIRAGE

Hills of a misty blue, and soft green fields,  
The silvery glintings of rivers deep,  
I saw them all start from the broad red glare  
Of desert sands, where, in parched, burning sleep  
The night had passed. And as a soft dream steals  
Upon the brain, I saw it shining there.

I toiled all day beneath the breathless hush  
Of brazen skies. My staff and pack weighed low  
My drooping form, yet ever cried my heart,  
Sweet rest is near where those clear rivers flow  
Beside green shaded banks, where through the  
flush  
Of early dawn the golden sunbeams dart.

I toiled all day toward those purple hills,  
With panting heart and parch-ed lips athirst,  
Yet neared them not, and, with the failing light  
I saw them fade, I saw a soul accursed  
Toiling through life toward that dream which fills  
His soul. A dream that fades upon the night.



## THE PRISONER

He was bound, he said, looking with weary eyes  
into my face,  
Bound to the hot city street, and the need of toil,  
Bound by the close red bricks, and the blue brazen  
sky,  
And the length of the days was long, in the noisy  
teeming place.

He came from a different land, he said, where a  
dim green sea  
Broke with low thunder on a cool and misty shore,  
And the wet smell of earth and of soft fragrant  
bloom  
Came fresh on the wild sweet wind, on the west  
wind salt-dashed and free.

It is far to the northern sea, he said, and I may  
not roam  
Though the breath of the noisome streets wakes in  
my heart  
A fierce desire to see once more, before I die,  
That moist green land, where the wild west wind  
blows cool — that land of home.





